Numb. 2

The TATLER.

By *Isaac Bickerstaff* Esq;

Quicquid agunt Homines nostri Farrago Libelli.

From *Tuesday April* 12. to *Thursday April* 14. 1709.

THO' the other Papers which are publish'd for the Use of the good People of England *have certainly very wholesom Effects, and are laudable in their particular Kinds, they do not seem to come up to the main Design of such Narrations, which, I humbly presume, should be principally intended for the Use of Politick Persons, who are so publick-spirited as to neglect their own Affairs to look into Transactions of State. Now these Gentlemen, for the most Part, being Persons of strong Zeal and weak Intellects, It is both a Charitable and Necessary Work to offer something, whereby such worthy and well-affected Members of the Commonwealth may be instructed, after their Reading,* what to think: *Which shall be the End and Purpose of this my Paper, wherein I shall from Time to Time Report and Consider all Matters of what Kind soever that shall occur to Me, and publish such my Advices and Reflections every* Tuesday, Thursday, *and* Saturday, *in the Week, for the Convenience of the Post. It is also resolv'd by me to have something which may be of Entertainment to the Fair Sex, in Honour of whom I have taken the Title of this Paper. I therefore earnestly desire all Persons, without Distinction, to take it in for the present* Gratis, *and hereafter at the Price of one Penny, forbidding all Hawkers to take more for it at their Peril. And I desire all Persons to consider, that I am at a very great Charge for proper Materials for this Work, as well as that before I resolv'd upon it, I had settled a Correspondence in all Parts of the Known and Knowing World; and forasmuch as this Globe is not trodden upon by mere Drudges of Business only, but that Men of Spirit and Genius are justly to be esteem'd as considerable Agents in it, we shall not upon a Dearth of News present you with musty Foreign Edicts, or dull Proclamations, but shall divide our Relation of the Passages which occur in Action or Discourse throughout this Town, as well as elsewhere, under such Dates of Places as may prepare you for the Matter you are to expect, in the following Manner:*

All Accounts of Gallantry, Pleasure, *and* Entertainmen t, *shall be under the Article of* White's Chocolate-house; Poetry, *under that of* Will's Coffee-house; Learning, *under the Title of* Græcian; Foreign *and* Domestick News, *you will have from St.* James's Coffee-house; *and what else I shall on any other Subject offer, shall be dated from my own* Apartment.

I once more desire my Reader to consider, That as I cannot keep an Ingenious Man to go daily to Will's, *under Two-pence each Day merely for his Charges; to* White's, *under Sixpence; nor to the* Græcian, *without allowing him some Plain* Spanish, *to be as able as others at the Learned Table; and that a good Observer cannot speak with even* Kidney *at St.* James's *without clean Linnen. I say, these Considerations will, I hope, make all Persons willing to comply with my Humble Request (when my* Gratis *Stock is exhausted) of a Penny a Piece; especially since they are sure of some Proper Amusement, and that it is impossible for me to want Means to entertain 'em, having, besides the Helps of my own Parts, the Power of Divination, and that I can, by casting a Figure, tell you all that will happen before it comes to pass.*

But this last Faculty I shall use very sparingly, and not speak of any Thing 'till it is pass'd, for fear of divulging Matters which may offend our Superiors.

Will's Coffee-house, April 13.

THere has lain all this Evening, on the Table, the following Poem. The Subject of it being Matter very useful for Families, it deserv'd to be consider'd, and made more publick. The Turn the Poet gives it, is very happy; but the Foundation is from a real Accident which happen'd among my Acquaintance. A Young Gentleman of a great Estate, fell desperately in Love with a great Beauty, of very high Quality, but as ill-natur'd, as long Flattery, and an habitual Self-will, could make her. However, my young Spark ventures upon her, like a Man of Quality, without being acquainted with her, or having ever saluted her, 'till it was a Crime to kiss any Woman else. Beauty is a Thing which palls with Possession; and the Charms of this Lady soon wanted the Support of good Humour and Complaisancy of Manners. Upon this my Spark flies to the Bottle for Relief from his Satiety. She disdains him for being tired with that for which all Men envy'd him; and he never came home, but it was--- Was there no Sot that would stay longer? Would any Man living but you? Did I leave all the World for this Usage? To which he --- Madam, Split me, you are very impertinent! In a Word, this Match was Wedlock in its most terrible Appearances. She, at last weary of Railing to no Purpose, applies to a good Uncle, who gives her a Bottle, he pretended he had bought of Mr. *Partridge* the Conjurer. This, said he, I gave Ten Guinea's for. The Virtue of the Inchanted Liquor (said he that sold it) is such, that if the Woman you marry proves a Scold, (which, it seems, my dear Neece, is your Misfortune; and it was your good Mother's before you,) let her hold six Spoonfuls in her Mouth, for a full Half Hour after you come Home --- But I find I am not in the Humour for telling a Tale, and nothing in Nature is so ungrateful as Story-Telling against the Grain, therefore, take it as the Author has given it you.

The MEDECIN.

A Tale --- for the Ladies.

Miss *Molly*, a fam'd Toast, was Fair and Young,
Had Wealth and Charms, --- but then she had a (Tongue!
From Morn to Night th'Eternal Larum run,
Which often lost those Hearts her Eyes had won.

Sir *John* was smitten, and confess'd his Flame,
Sigh'd out the usual Time, then wed the Dame:
Possess'd

Poſſeſs'd he thought of ev'ry Joy of Life,
But his Dear *Molly* prov'd a Very Wife.
Exceſs of Fondneſs did in Time decline,
Madam lov'd Money, and the *Knight* lov'd Wine.
From whence ſome petty Diſcord would ariſe,
As, *You're a Fool*;--- and, *You are mighty Wiſe!*

Tho' he and all the World allow'd her Wit,
Her Voice was ſhrill, and rather loud than ſweet.
When ſhe began,--- for Hat and Sword he'd call,
Then, after a faint Kiſs,--- Cry, B'y, Dear *Moll*:
Supper and Friends expect me at the *Roſe*.
And, what, Sir *John*, You'l get your uſual Doſe!
Go, ſtink of Smoak, and guſle naſty Wine,
Sure, never Virtuous Love was us'd like mine!

Oft, as the watchful Bellman march'd his Round,
At a freſh Bottle gay Sir *John* he found.
By Four the *Knight* would get his Buſineſs done,
And only then reel'd off,--- becauſe alone;
Full well he knew the dreadful Storm to come,
But arm'd with *Bourdeaux*, he durſt venture Home.

My Lady with her Tongue was ſtill prepar'd,
She rattled loud, and he impatient heard:
'Tis a fine Hour! In a ſweet Pickle made!
And this, Sir *John*, is ev'ry Day the Trade.
Here I ſit moping all the live-long Night,
Devour'd with Spleen, and Stranger to Delight;
'Till Morn ſends ſtagg'ring Home a Drunken Beaſt,
Reſolv'd to break my Heart, as well as Reſt.

Hey! Hoop! d'ye hear my damn'd obſtrep'rous (Spouſe!
What, can't you find one Bed about the Houſe!
Will that perpetual Clack lie never ſtill!
That Rival to the Softneſs of a Mill!
Some Couch and diſtant Room muſt be my Choice,
Where I may ſleep uncurs'd with Wife and Noiſe.

Long this uncomfortable Life they led,
With ſnarling Meals, and each a ſeparate Bed.
To an old Uncle oft ſhe would complain,
Beg his Advice, and ſcarce from Tears refrain;
Old *Wiſewood* ſmoak'd the Matter as it was,
Cheer up, cry'd he! and I'll remove the Cauſe.

A wond'rous Spring within my Garden flows,
Of Sov'reign Virtue, chiefly to compoſe
Domeſtick Jarrs, and Matrimonial Strife,
The beſt Elixir t'appeaſe Man and Wife;
Strange are th'Effects, the Qualities Divine,
'Tis Water call'd, but worth its Weight in Wine.
If in his ſullen Airs, Sir *John* ſhould come,
Three Spoonfuls take, hold in your Mouth--- then (Mum:
Smile, and look Pleas'd, when he ſhall Rage and Scold,
Still in your Mouth the Healing Cordial hold;
One Month this Sympathetick Med'cin try'd,
He'll grow a Lover, you a Happy Bride.
But deareſt Neece keep this Grand Secret cloſe,
Or ev'ry pratling Huſſy'l beg a Doſe.

A Water-Bottle's brought for her Relief,
Not *Nants* could ſooner eaſe the Lady's Grief:
Her buſy Thoughts are on the Tryal bent,
And Female-like, impatient for th'Event.

The Bounty Knight reels Home exceeding clear,
Prepar'd for Clamour and Domeſtick War.
Entring, he cries,--- Hey! Where's our Thunder fled!
No Hurricane! *Betty*'s your Lady dead!
Madam, aſide, an ample Mouthful takes,
Curt'ſy's, looks Kind, but not a Word ſhe ſpeaks:
Wond'ring, he ſtar'd, ſcarcely his Eyes believ'd,
But found his Ears agreeably deceiv'd.
Why, How now, *Molly*, What's the Crotchet now?
She ſmiles, and anſwers only with a Bow.
Then claſping her about, Why, let me dye!
Theſe Nightclothes, *Moll*, become thee mightily!
With that, he ſigh'd, her Hand began to preſs,
And *Betty* calls her Lady to undreſs.
Nay, kiſs me, *Molly*, for I'm much inclin'd.
Her Lace ſhe cuts to take him in the Mind.
Thus the Fond Pair to Bed enamour'd went,
The Lady pleas'd, and the good Knight content.

For many Days theſe Fond Endearments paſs'd,
The Reconciling Bottle fails at laſt;
'Twas us'd and gone,-- Then Midnight Storms aroſe,
And Looks and Words, the Union diſcompoſe.
Her Coach is order'd, and Poſt-haſte ſhe flies,
To beg dear Uncle for ſome freſh Supplies;
Tranſported does the ſtrange Effects relate,
Her Knight's Converſion, and her happy Seate!

Why, Neece, ſays he,--- I prithee apprehend,
The Water's Water,--- Be thy ſelf thy Friend;
Such Beauty would the coldeſt Husband warm,
But your provoking Tongue undoes the Charm:
Be ſilent, and complying,--- You'll ſoon find,
Sir *John*, without a Med'cin, will be kind.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, April 13.

Letters from *Venice* ſay, the Diſappointment of ſeeing his *Daniſh* Majeſty has very much diſquieted the Court of *Rome*. Our laſt Advices from *Germany* inform us, that the Miniſter of *Hanover* has urg'd the Council at *Ratisbonne* to exert themſelves on the common Cauſe, and took the Liberty to ſay, that the Dignity, the Virtue, the Prudence of his Electoral Highneſs, his Maſter, were call'd to the Head of their Affairs in vain, if they thought fit to leave him naked of the proper Means to make thoſe Excellencies uſeful, for the Honour and Safety of the Empire. They write from *Berlin* of the 13th, *O. S.* That the true Deſign of General *Fleming*'s Viſit to that Court was, to inſinuate, that it will be for the mutual Intereſt of the King of *Pruſſia* and King *Auguſtus* to enter into a new Alliance; but that the Miniſters of *Pruſſia* are not inclin'd to his Sentiments. We hear from *Vienna*, That his Imperial Majeſty has expreſs'd great Satisfaction in their High Mightineſſes having communicated to him the whole that has paſs'd in the Affair of a Peace. Tho' there have been Practices uſed by the Agents of *France*, in all the Courts of *Europe*, to break the good Underſtanding of the Allies, they have had no other Effect, but to make all the Members concern'd in the Alliance, more doubtful of their Safety from the great Offers of the Enemy. The Empire is rouz'd by this Alarm, and the Frontiers of all the *French* Dominions are in Danger of being inſulted the enſuing Campagne. Advices from all Parts confirm, That it is impoſſible for *France* to find a Way to gain ſo much Credit, as to ſeparate any one Potentate of the Allies ſo far, as to hope for Safety from any Thing but the Enemies Inability to break his Treaties.

From my own Apartment, April 13.

I find it of very great Uſe, now I am ſetting up for a Writer of News, that I am an Adept in Aſtrological Speculations; by which Means, I avoid ſpeaking of Things which may offend great Perſons. But at the ſame Time, I muſt not proſtitute the Liberal Sciences ſo far, as not to utter the Truth in Caſes which do not immediately concern the Good of my native Country. I muſt therefore boldly contradict what has been ſo aſſuredly reported by the News-writers of *England*, That *France* is in the moſt deplorable Condition, and that their People die in great Multitudes. I will therefore let the World know, that my Correſpondent, by the Way of *Bruſſels*, informs me, upon his Honour, That the Gentleman who writes the Gazette of *Paris*, and ought to know as well as any Man, has told him, That ever ſince the King has been paſt his 63d Year, or Grand Climaterick, there has not dy'd one Man of the *French* Nation, who was younger than his Majeſty, except a very few, who were taken ſuddenly near the Village of *Hockſtet*, in *Germany*: And ſome more, who were ſtraitned for Lodging at a Place call'd *Ramelies*, and dy'd on the Road to *Ghent* and *Bruges*. There are alſo other Things given out, which are Shifts below a conquering Nation to make Uſe of. Among others, 'tis ſaid, there is a general Murmuring among the People, tho' at the ſame Time, all my Letters agree, that there is ſo good an Underſtanding among them, that there is not one Morſel carry'd out of any Market in the Kingdom, but what is deliver'd upon Credit.

LONDON: Printed for the Author, 1709.